Life on the Road with Guided by Vodka.

(The G.B.V.3 Tour of 1996)

by Nudge Squidfish

I suppose it was a good tour? I mean shit; at least nobody died, got busted or married! Let me think? Three emotional breakdowns, two trashed hotel rooms, four OD's, 15 stolen tee-shirts, drugs & alcohol out the ying yang, soft core groupie action, monster deli trays, hotels, Indians, press, a&r parties, record stores, 10 cities, 10,000 miles in 30 days-" *stop the fucking car Jimbo, I'm hitching home!!"*

How did it all get started Squid? Well, let me see. I remember Jimbo & me was working on this recording project at Milo Artist's Community. One night Jimbo say's, "Hey Squid, there's this A&R guy (Johan Kugelberg) flying into town & he wants to cut a record deal with V-3! Do you want to go to dinner? American is paying?" Do bears shit in the woods? Hell Yes, let's eats. Funny thing though, Rudeboy & Me weren't exactly in V-3 anymore? After the CBGB's show things got very strange and between 1994 and May of 1995 none of "us" were on speaking terms. Jimbo had hooked up with Leland Cain and formed a band called "Lacquer" and I wanted to castrate the bastard for it. I mean, after all I'd worked my ass off getting V-3 together. It took years to develop. However, karma mediated our disagreements and by June of 1995 James & I were writing & working again. There's this spiritual link between us. We always seem to be on the same riff? We do things the same way a lot.

Anyway- I'd never really knew how to react to Kugelburg. I'm very uncomfortable with people I don't know and it takes a long time before I'll warm up to a person. He was flashing a gold visa and taking care business with Jimbo tap dancing right along while I flounder like a beached whale. We went to this Indian dump that served yellow pus for dessert. The brewskis were bitching but the grub was Klingon. Oh well, I wasn't paying, the sky is the limit folks! By now everyone is talking shop, so I look over and in comes the New Bomb Turks. Next thing I know Kugelburg offers them $50, 000 to sign but they just slop & slithered down more snails and booked! That left Jimbo & me. So I sat there wondering if I was in V-3 as they cut a deal for 5 CDs. Then Kugelburg turns to me and asks if I know of any other bands that he should sign up? To this day I don't know why I didn't offer my shit? Hey, I think I'm as good as everyone else? Jimbo tried to speak up for me saying that I was a writer too, but for some reason I blew it all off?? Art for Art sake? Philosophy's grip? I wonder?

I had work with Sam Brown on Papparatt's sessions and thought that he would make a good drummer, so I turned Jimbo on to him. We were already to go into production but then Jim & me started jockeying for control. We're always fighting over something. I wanted a contract but I lost, so I bailed! Jim asks me to stay on in management and like a boiled frog I agreed. During the winter of 1995' Jimbo put the final touches on the record. One day I get this phone call and Jim is telling me how we need to get this video together. Jim had hire this director named J. Kevin Janow to produce the short "American Face" which was the title song on the "Photograph Burns" CD. At first I thought it was going to be a blast but then I started to get cold feet about how the women were going to get portrayed. It wasn't all Jimbo's fault. I have this problem with being in the

loop sometimes. On the one hand I want in the loop, and on the other I want out of the loop! You know, the bullshit sucks! Fact is, I hate capitalism & politics but there were both vital to making art. I've been playing games all my life. Once the video got rolling things started to speed up. Both Jim & I were intrigued with going on tour so when American offered to foot the bill we thought fuck it let's go for it?

Enter Bob Pollard and his shower of lovely shits, (Matt, Mitch, Kevin, Gibby, Pete, Bob, & Toby) Guided by Voices! So much fun they got me puking too! I was so use to Rock n' Rollers like Mike Rep & Ron House. Pollard threw me off balance with kindness. I enjoy the darkness as much as light. Is that what happens to ya when you've had too much philosophy? I fucking wonder? Somehow Bob & Jimbo slicked American & Matador to do a package tour with G.B.V, Spoon and V-3. Like good New York acid, that's when the fucking chaos really kicked in. Wow, no refunds! Hold on to your rectum boys! The thing I hate about Jimbo is that he goes overboard with that stream of conscious crap sometimes. The drive down to Cinci to pick up Leland Cain (bass) & meet Sam Brown (drums) got off late. To make matter worst, Leland hadn't picked up the van and Sam & Annie where no where in sight. I didn't think Batman & Green Lantern were going to pull this off, but somehow on May 25th 1996, 15 minutes before fucking curtain V-3 limped into a Louisville parking lot.

My job was simple, shut up stupid & sell merchandise, and make sure the lights, sound & deli trays were operational. As I enter the bar I began to set up shop and this professor bloke named Pete Jamison approaches me and gives me a few pointers on the "fine art of the deal"? Sorry Pete, none of it stuck! Pete was cubed and had some fan handle most of their sales. Shit, before the night was done he even had me selling their shit. Old Pete was impressive that way, you know, kept bringing us drinks, food & drugs. Made me feel I wasn't one of Jimbo's bimbos -Thank You. At the end of the night he laid $20 buckeyes on me as well. Shit Pete, I would of had your baby for $10! The trade was brisk that night. Portent of things to come! On stage Jimbo's amp was tripping out & the set ended up being very embarrassing. I thought the whole tour was going to fold but Mitch bailed Jimbo's bacon out the by letting him sponge his Marshall. I really liked Mitch. He is allot lot me. One thing about us Cowtowners, we take pride in our Kung fu!! We don't like having our asses kick. Fact is football is our game. We put on a humble face but on the inside deep shit is happening. We want to go to the Rosebowl. Ask Ron or Mike if they like getting their asses kicked?

I didn't know these people from Dayton but it soon became obvious that they respected Jim (Azazel). Why they did is beyond me? I've never respected him! That night in Louisville I felt that their music kicked but it needed a dash of NEON MEATE DREAM OF AN OCTAFISH in it. Yet the kids were sucking it down like jellied eels & mash, and the ouguiya's was certainly rolling by the truckload! Fuck me? What do I know about capitalism? After the gig, to my surprise, I was invited into the dressing room and to my astonishment, beer as far as the eye can see! Mountains of the stuff! Behind the stove, under the carpet, in the bathtub. Oh Dear? Next thing I know Mitch is screaming that Kevin (long dong silver) fucked his wife and is going kick his fucking ass. I'll say this for Pollard, no matter how drunk he gets he still has great Kung Fu! Bob-a-Lou try's to talk Mitch down. No luck. Mitch is really fucking drunk. He starts to

smash & kick shit around. Pete throws up his hands and he and G.B.V's roadie Gibby grab more beer and share a joint. By this time Pollard & Mitch are rolling around on the floor knocking shit & people over. Pete walks over them then tells me this is how they sometimes work out stress, by wrestling. I look down at Mitch & Bobby and they are having a blast trying to best each other. So I'm thinking about what the fuck I've gotten my self into? Are Dayton Schools boys' certifiable lunatics? We need some Prozac fast. Happy their shit out-you know? Finally, the bar owner rushes in and asks us to leave. We were trashing the place.

Outside we find Kevin who is trying to avoid Mitch. I wasn't drunk because I had to drive. Kevin wasn't drunk either and says that we should go to the hotel. Ok! He gives us instruction but he doesn't really know the way. So word goes out that we're all going to follow him. Around this time Leland & Sam decide that their women Annie & Jodie, would go along with V-3 for the rest of the tour. Somehow they had scored a van when they got to Louisville. Why not? Jim had brought me. But I had to work almost every night selling tee shirts for all 3 bands while the women got to play star & party each night with the bands. Jimbo had given them $3,000, which was most of the tour budget. So at this point they took control & did as they wanted. Somehow they got lost & check into a different hotel and left me & Jimbo without enough cash to rent a room. Again, Pollard saw to it by letting us sleep on the floor in the 2 rooms they had. Pollard looks out for his crew.

When I woke up everyone was still drunk. I started to freak out about Leland & Sam. Were they in jail? Hospital? Had the van broke down? Jim had given them the tour plan so we new they had 12 hours to get 400 miles to Columbia, but what about us? We had to turn this Avis rental in by noon or face a huge fine and tons of shit. To make matters worst, we had no money to rent another car. I spent a couple of hours on the phone trying to line up other transpiration with no luck. Around 10a.m. We drove to the airport to turn in the Columbus car we had rented. I was thinking "Fuck it, I'll hitch hike back to Columbus if we get stranded". Now Jimbo can be a real smooth when he has to be. Somehow he was able (bribed the bitch?) to get an extension on the lease to Denver. Cool!! When we got back to the hotel Jolly Roger's crew was saddling up. Those poor bastards all rode in the same van together. I felt so sorry for them. Leland had left a message to meet at the show in Columbia. It never occurred to him that we were broke. So off we go to see Dodge City.

By this time I was giving Jimbo a dose for the lack of order. I know how to stress him good. If he gives me lip I steal his shit! But, I'm an Asshole for that. Sorry I ripped you off Mate! All I can say is that we've been fighting all our lives. Nothing ever changes between us. Suddenly we pull into Columbia & I notice how upscale the whole place was. Middle Class out the ass! No dirt or graffie. Really fucking depressing. As we get to the hall I go inside to set up and this cunt starts dogging me about 20% for the merch sales. All of a sudden it like I can't do or say shit about my job! Hey cunt, FUCK A HOG! Next thing I know Pete & Jimbo are sucking up to her. I'm told to go along with the program. Ok, so I display shit and save the good shit for the West Coast. Fuck with Squid will Ya? Sorry Fans! The bitch was too greedy. After being put into my place by management I headed towards the deli tray in the dress room. I'm pissed off. When I get there it's packed with groupies wanting a cool. Ok, no problem. Then

Jimbo's walks up and says "Yo Squid, you get the night off coz they'll be doing the sales. Go count the stock. Make sure we know how many get sold". That cunt was pushing me around!

So I do my job & chill the rest of the night working the stage for the bands. Now the only people suppose to be on stage are the roadies & bands but somehow a few kids get through. No problem! In the middle of G.B.V's set & I get pushed. The kid was drunk. I was too. Two or three more times it happens then I get punched! I think I'll punch back. Boom! I missed & hit the wall. The kid backs off then gets evicted. My hands are bloody & sore coz I'm too fucking old for punching walls & shit. Pete hands me a joint. So I go back to the dressing room to get some beers to numb the pain. I'm sucking a brew and look over to see two kids fucking. Her dress was hiked & he was having her like a dog! They started laughing when they saw me and stopped-but didn't dismount. She asks me for a beer so I hand her mine and bid them ado.

Back on stage Pollard is banging out tunes like the WHO and Pete comes up and hands me another jay. Pete is always looking out for people, sort-of-a modern Eugene Victor Debs! Working Class to the bone. Mitch is really jumping too and I thought the stage was going to collapse. Then the crowd rushes the stage & there is no room for the band to play. End of show good night! V-3 was beginning to pick up steam. Jimbo was beginning to recover. I go the bitch queen for the sale tally. What the fuck? Short? She swears that I didn't give her that count. I'm ready to pop her but Jimbo says fuck it, it's a lost squid. Let's split. So we start to pack and the fans won't let us split to the hotel. They keep begging for G.B.V.'s attention. Finally, I get down on my knees and beg the kids to let us go! We follow G.B.V. and rent a room. Leland & Jodie in one bed, Sam & Annie in the over, Me and Jim on the floor. There's a knock on the door. It's Kevin and he wants to drink. No problem. Mitch shows up with Pete and down goes another 24 pack. I pass out as the hell raising starts at 4 in the morning. The way it usually worked was that we would rent a room at 3A.M. and have to check out by 10 A.M. Or else pay for a second day. By this time I'm beginning to suspect that G.B.V. is on something stronger than what we were on.

9A.M. rise & shine? The room is a cloud of pot haze! First order of business-Shower & shit! Food! Yummy! I'm at this table and the dude at the table is a born again talking shit. Fuck Jesus pal, save yourself! Ok, back to the salt mines. About this time Jodie is beginning to notice a funny odor. It's coming from Jimbo's shoes-B. O.! My god! Jimbo loves to buy at thrift shops. H e had got a pair of used shoes and his feet have been sweating. To make matter worst, he wasn't using stocks! It got so bad that even if he put them in his suitcase the stink would seep into our suitcases and our stuff ended up smelling like Satan's underpits! Nobody wanted to get close to poor old Jimbo but I had to ride with him. This really hurt Jim very much. I thought about pitching those shoes when he wasn't looking on our way to Lawrence.

By this time V-3 were traveling as a group with Leland, Sam, Annie & Jodie in the van leading, & Jimbo & me in a chase car following. All around us the land is becoming tree less. I've noticed that there ain't shit in between cities just miles & miles of flatlands with service roads that run along the freeway for hours. We pull into Lawrence and it's pouring. It's like

Columbia except it has got more of East Coast feel to it & is less upscale. At the club I spy Mitch talking with this female fan. Jim tells me to set up next to Pete's booth. Then I get introduced to the local G.B.V. fan club president who is going to be working sales with a group of fans who drove all the way from Louisville for the show. Out side the club this dude & his old lady is having a roe about her affair with Mr. X the hunk of burning love? Later that night they break up? Long Dong Silver Strikes Again! Jim tags me and we go explore the town's record store and end up this coffeehouse. When it comes time to pay the bill Jimbo beats it out the back door with me running after. I thinking, "What the fuck? He got $500 on him in cash? It only $2 bucks?"

Jimbo was showing signs of stress big time. He never acts that way. This circus was finally getting to him too. Back at the show the fan club president tells me a story of how she came to work a tour for Bob Dylan. She told me that part of the terms of her employment was that whenever Dylan came near all the roadies & crew had to turn away. Nobody was allowed to look at him. WOW! Suddenly I look over and patrons are shocked by mysterious smell. No one has got a clue where it's coming from except me. Jimbo's shoes! Backstage I tell him to air those fucks out, Please!

Around this time a debate starts between Annie & Kevyn about his Philosophy of Adultery. They both get really hurt & upset. It's a pointless debate and I can see how much Keyvn loves his wife. He confines in me & I just listen. Then Jodie & Leland get into it and it seems to me that all is not well with V-3. I advise Jimbo of current status & he just shakes his head. Now It's show time and the place is packed. Sales are booming! After two hours of non-stop vending I'm burned out! I sneak into the dressing room and grab a case of beer, pop a few pills. Bob & Jim give me worried look! Fuck them! Next thing I know I'm dancing around naked and the photos are flashing. It's all Tommy Jay's Fault!!! I was a good catholic boy before I met him! I go off the deep and end up in the alley in the pour rain like fucking "Jimmy" did in Quadrophenia! Sitting there drunk & pilled out of my head I'm face with a choice. Either accept that fact that I not up on stage showing off my stuff or hitchhike back to cowtown. God was whipping my ego that night! Then I hear this voice saying, "Come on Squid, everything is packed up. We're leaving". It was Saint Jimbo.

Next morning at the motel everyone saddled and ready to go. One problem! Where the fuck is Mitch? Yak, Yak, Yak. No god damn Mitch? Yak, Yak, Yak. Suddenly a phone call, its Mitch and he late! Yak, Yak, Yak. No Shit Mitch! Mitch says wait! Yak, Yak, Yak. So V-3 hits the road and G.V. B. wait, & waits, & waits! Seems old Mitch serviced a truculent swan! Ya -hoo! On with the Show!!! We've got two days to get to Denver. Rolling, rolling, rolling, keep those doggies rolling, keep those doggies rolling rawhide! Through all kinds of weather. Jimbo's smell like leather, wishing his bimbo's were by my side-rawhide…!

V-3 ends up at this motel in Limon Colorado; a gas station in the middle of the new west! We would almost always lie about how many people would be sleeping in the room. Jimbo was trying to stay within the budget! No luck! It was a lost cause. That night I woke up when everybody else was asleep. I see this ghost hovering above Jimbo. Now, I know a thing or two about the occult and I'm sure that this spirit was protecting her child from

something? Me? The Crabs? The IRS? We talk for a bit and "she" tells me not to worry, It's ok. Says my mom will die next year! What? I got to see the future and it looked real good for mankind. Few know occult side Squidfish. She says Jimbo & I will be famous one day? Hum- like Pollard I ask? So, next morning I tell the rest of the gang about the ghost. Everyone seemed to believe me? Then we realize that the car is due back at the airport and Jim has no money in the checking account back in Ohio. We had already tapped Julie Otten out & knew the Avis wouldn't take cash, so, we go to the bank and ask if we could wire 2000 back to Ohio? I didn't think it would clear in time but it did! Faster than speeding train. More powerful than a locomotive. Able to leap buildings in a single bound. It's Superband! SING I T WILLY*, "On the road again, I can't wait to be on the road again, making music with my friends, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BE ON THE ROAD AGAIN."* Here's where it gets cat & mouse folks. Sam & Leland have a highly influential bag of pot and are feeling the need for speed! Zoom! Wait up for us! Then Jim & me watch in horror as a State Highway Patrol pulls up behind them! I'm thinking we'll have to bail the buttwipes out and blow off the gig. On & on it goes. Mile after mile Sam & Leland ride with the copper on their asses. What's this pig's play? Suddenly, the cop turns off & heads in a different direction. "Wow" I think! Miss Piggy is Saving Bacon!!! Pork! God bless it! We all pull into a rest stop & Jimbo read them the riot act! Slow down God dam it! A waste of time. Leland & Jodie are fighting again. I volunteer to be flower girl at their wedding. Next stop Denver.

Gold dome Denver where the most meets the lest with thin air & clean streets. Food? Shit yes! Check out the Library & record stores, go to a coffeehouse, and meet at the gig. The club, is a Zodiac Den but Home cook food! Best grub yet! Yummy!! Meet The band Spoon. The dude plays an electric acoustic guitar. Nice chops, great sound, but Jimbo is not impressed? Is everybody in? The ritual is about to begin. I set up stop and Pete has a fan club guy take over sales for the rest of the night. I go outside and see Kevyn in the van looking real zoned out? What's his game? Back in the foggy dressing room it's pack with fans. Gatekeepers keep the uncool out. How in the fuck did I get by? Deli trays & liquor as far as the eye can see. Now I'm excited! Drugs & Druggies! I 'm talking with glassy eyed Kevyn. He is on something real strong now and it ain't Prozac. Fans are beginning to wig. It's like BeatleMaina! The Excitement is electrifying! I can't believe my eyes! The crowd is screaming! I only see vodka soak musicians? The crowd is going nuts! Oh shit here we go again! Pollard is shaking ass! Mine included! I hear some cunt say, "GOD I WANTA FUCK HIM"! Pete is with me in the back room. He's up to no good! Jimbo ask me to get a cord from the gig bag. Ok! Off I go. I find a crack pipe in G.V. B.'s gig bag! Looks like some crack too! Should I fire some up? They would never know? Nah! Yo Jimbo, those guy are smoking crack! Bullshit Squid! They don't do hard drugs! Right, ok what ever you say. On stage G.B.V. is jumping around like reptiles on Dexedrine! Come on, something is up with them? Shows over Kids! Groupies begin to flock around Shepard. Fans mob G.B.V. Jodie is hitting on Kevyn! I can smell the pheromones. Groupies & Local Stars flood the dressing room. I'm not allow in. Not cool enough. Fuck em! I go outside and watch two women fight over some dude. A real mean catfight! Biting, hair pulling exposed breasts. The boy in question slips off with a third women leaving the winner with nothing. I help the loser. Call a cab for her. The winner staggers away with zip. Not cool enough? Gottcha! I go and get the merch money. WOW! A good night

indeed. V-3 did about $200 is sales. Some fans ask Jimbo to crash with them. Ok! Bar owner comes up and begs me to make the bands leave. Everyone is toast! Beer is being spilled. It 4:30am. I dog Pete. Finally, everyone splits. Next morning I'm jolted awake with Jimbo's stinky shoes in my face! 9am. everyone is fried dye & laid to the side. Me, *"I'm out on the streets again leaping along. Dressed right for a street fight, but I just can't explain, why that uncertain feeling is still here in my brain".* I walk 15 blocks to downtown. I sit down to breakfast -food, yum! All of a sudden the cops rush in. I check myself-no drugs good! A bankrobbery across the street. I see the robber flee! It's a god dam dream! Every where I go big shit is happening Jackson! The cops arrest the robber. I book. Back at the crash pad everyone is still asleep. I wake everyone up in time to hit the road for Vancouver. What a fucking hassle. Nobody wants to split. I'm the bad roadie. Finally, we hit the road. Why am I doing this? My career is getting nothing out of it? '*Can you see the real me, can ya, can ya!*' Jimbo won't let me hitchhike home! I freak out and try to jump out of the car window at 35 miles per hour. He stops me. Jimbo begs me to stay. He can't do it alone. He's beginning to crack too. He needs me to help keep it together! I realize he is also on the edge. It's a long walk to cowtown! I'm fed up with this Niger routine. I wanta go home! Ok. Ok. I'll chill out Jimbo.

About 10pm somewhere on the otherside of Cheyenne nearing Montana we pull into the Crow Nation reservation. I get this feeling that they don't dig honkies that much. The Sign said, "Welcome to the Little Big Horn."-Cool! It's the first time that I've been out of the USA. Let me shower & shit then I'll be ready for some zzzs! Thank You Jesus! What the fuck? Where's the hot water? Fucking Crow! Ah..There we go. They had turned this U-hall storage space into a motel. Now, all 6 of us are packed like rats up a gastropod's ass. Tonight this 8 by 8 is home. Shit, It's the only room around for 400 miles, Beside I'm too god dam tried to care . Goodnight! HE-A-HI-A-HO! HE-A-HI-HO! HE-A-HI-A-HO! I wake up. HE-A-HI-A-HO! It's 2:30am?? HE-A-HI-A-FUCKING-HO! I look out side and see that the moon is full. HE-A-HI-A-HO! Some Crow are jumping around dressed in traditional outfits waving bows and arrows. HE-A-HI-A-HO! There is a campfire and some of them have been drinking whiskey. "Oh shit Squid, isn't this were Custer bought the farm"? I look at the others. They're all sleeping like babies. There's an empty 12 pack beside Jimbo. Fuck it! Scalp this motherfuckers! I'm going back to bed.

Next morning I go outside to scope around. Nothing but Indians as far as the eye can see. Gota piss! Shit, no fucking trees! Suddenly I notice that their church is connected to a gambling casino. Yes! That's Faith Man! Basically I'm in the middle of nowhere. Jimbo gives the word and we do the Ben Hur. 8 hours later, about 150 miles from Seattle, we stop at the mouth a ford that empties into the Pacific Ocean. I look down. It's about a mile down to the water and 5 miles to the other side. *Love rain on me!* Freedom! The wind is so strong that you can almost glide like the gulls. I piss with the wind and it travel 100 yards! A Trucker saw me! Oops, Kill Him!

About 9pm that night Leland is speeding down mountains again so we split up and agree to meet the next day in Seattle at the space needle. Jim & me check into a room. Everything around here reminds me of the X-Files! I walk to the store and score some beers. The Night sky is full of shooting stars! On the way back I walk thru the woods hoping to find an alien

spacecraft. Suddenly I step into something? Bear Shit?? Back at the room, in the head, I notice this Public Health sign warning me not to drink the water. Seems there was some sort of nasty that had gotten into the system. It will riot your pecker off!! Fortunately, this had no effect on the beer supply. Old Jimbo began sucking the souls out of some Buds. I flip on the tube and surfed for porno. No luck! Lights out. Next morning I walk around in the wet ferns again. Steam rises from my breath ground. The fog blocks out everything. I hear Jimbo yell out. Time to go. Back on the road we're grooving to Bob Dylan's 1st LP. Jimbo informs me that we can't take the merch into Canada because they want to tax us $5 per tee shirt. We decide to go to the Greyhound station and lock it up. We fuck around downtown Seattle hunting for the bus station. I see a bum smoking a joint. No place to park! Stress city. Jim runs in & out. I see a bus zip pass, which says Pearl Jam? The smell of weed follows. We find Jodie & Annie at the Space Needle. Sam, Leland & the girls go up into the needle to check out the view. They're in fun mode big time-cool! Jodie tells me Leland & her is fighting. I ask her not to upset Leland until the tour is over. She doesn't understand me. After the tour they break up away. Jodie is a real nice person but it just wasn't going to last. Annie seems nice too but I can tell that she's not the type you would want to piss off. Shut up Squid! Jim and me hunt for food-yum! Back out on the road we're traveling as a group again. They must be smoking pot in the van. Pricks! They know we can't take it into Canada. Better roll the Lid! Bob Dylan is kicking my Kung Fu! We pull into customs and link up with G.B.V. & Spoon. Pollard looks stressed! We're all waiting inside and I'm wondering where Kevyn hid the dope? Mitch tells me some deep personal band shit! Pete looks smoother than shit. Who did he pay off to get over?? Manager for life! I dig it! They let G.B.V. pass right on thru but strip search the shit out of V-3's wheels. Some pig comes up to me with a white jar and wants me to open it. I can't open the god dam thing & freak. 'It's just solder flux ' I explain and tell them to keep it!! Please!!! My underwear gets a dribble. One hour later they give us our work permits & I'm listed as a musician. Wow?!? 2 or 3 hours on the road & we pull into Vancouver, B.C. It like the Emerald City in the Wizard of fucking OZ! Rainbow buildings and cold wet winds. Cleaner than an emergency room, more friendly Asians than Vietnam! We pull into the club and start to unload the merch... It's a mini-China town row of gray & red brick 4 story buildings. I take slug of water as "Mitchness" walks up looking like a polished turd & tells us that we're here. Jimbo gets excited. He bolts into the hall JEH-Tween Gong! Mitch is dashingly stoned & drunk. Toby is being interviewed by MTV. Pete quicks up and suggest that I work with the club's soundman. Ok Pete. He had sharped a deal with the club owner & G.B.V's merch was a rock-a-thon that night! In US DOLLARS-No less! How did he hustle customs? Cash? Women? A Kidney? Where did he stash those god dam DRUGS???

Then Pete introduces me to Mr. Dada the soundman. Mr. Dada and his team must have pissed off G.B.V. He tells me he has been do lights & sound for 20 years & the night before Iggy Pop had left a really bend up mic stand which Tim had hung on his wall of fame. I look on the wall and see other items. Mr. Dada cops a big attitude towards G.B.V. Then Dada takes a shine to me for some reason? He tells me that he was doing sound for the Doors back in 1967 then disrespects G.B.V. Hard. Dada claims he had no idea who Jim Morrison was, or what he was to become. This is just before the Doors broke in New York. Seems Morrison surrounded with beautiful women began to begged Dada for some of his whiskey. Off course

Dada promptly cussed Morrison out just before the outdoor set. Later Dada sucks it up and Morrison was really cool about it. They became friends, shit, even gave Dada some LSD! Suddenly, Jimbo swans, like Andy Warhol up and fluffs me to "tune the guitars honey", so, I go outside and hear Mitch's voice raving like a lunatic. I look straight up! He's 4 stories up yelling out the dressing room window. It's about 150-foot drop. I notice he's drinking beer. "HEY MITCH, DROP ME ONE OF THOSE?" At first Mitch didn't think twinkle toes could catch, but I've caught plenty of things in my day including the clap! Ask Tommy Jay about the time I climbed out on the roof of his car going 70 miles per hour. This was not a problem! Bombs away! Fast-Got it! Thanks Mitch!!

Back inside Mr. Dada gets into it with G.B.V. Again. I can see he's going to butcher them. I tell Pollard that I'll work with Dada and try to fix the monitors. The first thing I learn about Rock 'n Roll is the roadies always come first before the band. Anything less and your cut off your balls mate! That is, never piss off the soundman! I go back stage and discover 3 dress rooms. Each has a star with the bands' name on it! Inside V-3's room there's a tub of ice packed with sparkling water & booze. FOOD? Kind Leland tells me to go up to the deli-tray on 4-floor maybe I can still get a blowjob! I bust ass but when I get there the grub is all gone. Greedy Pricks! Theirs lots of booze but no food! Snooze you lose Squid. Then on the way down Dada stops me and hands me 2 joints! Wow! Thanks Dada! I'm thinking it's going to be a good show! Spoon shows up and I turn them on to their dressing room. We walk in. Surprise! Rick Rubin had sent one of his LA staff to check out V-3's show. I intercept & entertain him, and then he starts bitching & moaning about not being able to get any pot through customs. I hand him one of my joints. He's a happy shit now!

I notice that the stagehands are setting up barricades in front. By this time rebellion is ripe! Pollard questions Pete why it's needed. Jimbo starts cracking up & we scurry away like cockroaches. They're treating G.B.V. like the Fucking Who! I go to V-3's dressing room and smoke the joint with Leland & Sam. Both are ready for a gunfight. Keyvn pops in the door & invites us out to dinner with the press. They're a twinkle in his eye. Jimbo & me figured He is buying? Next thing I know Jimbo, Mitch, Sam, Leland, Pete, Jodie, Annie, & me are rapping & drinking with some journalists. At dinner things get out of control and Kevyn books paying only his bill. Jimbo and me are good reptiles too. We notice this. We pay our bill and lickity-split too. The rest are running up the tab! About a block away Jodie comes running up saying that they don't have any money to pay the bill. They thought Keyvn was going to cover it? Jimbo makes me give them the merch money. Now I'm totally broke in a strange city. Bad Move! I don't like depending on Jimbo for food money. He thinks I'm overweight!! Besides I worked my ass off selling. What the fuck did they do with all that tour money? I mean, Jimbo was giving them $100 each a show-right? Jimbo was using the merch money for emergencies. Hey Leland is running up a large liquor tab an emergency? Yes! Shut up Squid!

Back in the hall the kids are filing in. I 'm helping out with the sound check when Dada comes up to me and asks if I want some Coke? Do women crave sperm? He leads me up pass the 4th floor into a small office space on the roof. On the walls are photos thanking him for all his hard work. Hendrix, The Who, Brain Jones of the Stones, The Doors….almost all the walls are covered with photos. I look out over the bay and watch the boats

unloading at sun set. He pulls out a tray of coke and starts cutting lines. He tells me that he worked a lot of Stone tours. Turns me on to some Stone Jokes! Ha. Ha. Ha. The last one being the Steel Wheels Tour. He relates how he & Mick went stoned to a bloodsucking lawyer meeting in New York City. Jagger ends up firing a few of the bastards; pushed them all around, rubbing shit in their faces! "Mick was a motherfucker at that Meeting". Then he turns and shows me this brief case full of very special drugs. He starts rattling off what they do and whom it's for. Shit, most of them I didn't even know existed? I tell him I just read Keith's new book, which claims he's clean. "That's bullshit! Hype is good for business-you know? Got to keep the governments off your ass-man!" He hands me a line and KA-BOOM! I get so fucked up I can't get out of the chair. Oh shit! I can hardly talk. Mommy my dick fell off! Dada puts on some Iggy Pop and does 3 lines. He asks me if I want another line? FUCK NO! HELP ME! I'M A WALT DISNEY CARTOON! He starts laughing and goes to the brief case and breaks open a very small vile and tells me to do it! In about 5 minutes I'm straight. I couldn't believe it! I just took an anti-Coke drug! Wow! Thanks! I go back down to the stage soundboard and get ready. Soon Spoon is rocking out and Jimbo is getting hyped. Show time. V-3 rips into its' set. The Kids are jumping! Next, all hell breaks loose! I'm working monitors and it's bloody Beatlemania! Kids everywhere. They're going nuts! G.B.V explodes. Teenage girls are crying. Toby looks real sexy. Pete smiling. Mitch is jumping. Pollard yells to turn the voice up! I try but the stagehand tells me, "Fuck Pollard!" I go out into the hall to see how the sound is breaking. Again, Pollard asks me to turn the vocals up! The Stagehand flips him the bird. In the middle of their set I switch Pollard's Mic. It's better but I can see Pollard real unhappy. I had no control. End of bad set for G.B.V. The hall is jumping. Backstage a 100 fans are waiting for autographs.

At 3AM poor Pollard and crew spend hours pressing the flesh. He enjoys that? Jimbo comes up and says a fan has invited V-3 to crash with them. Ok, I'll drive. Everyone is drunk. We get to the house and it's full of drunken people. V-3 is in the house. I tell Jimbo I need some sleep so I'm going to crash in the back seat of the car-'Give me the keys Jim'. Bad call Squid! Around 7AM I wake up and need to take a dump-Big Time! Their all sleeping and so I don't wanta to wake them. I'll just find a gas station I think! Off I go. Now Vancouver is laid out in weird way-circles? I drive off and there's nothing. I stay on the same road till I come to this gas station. I walk in & dump! Thank God! What! No toilet paper? Fuck! My underwear will have to do! Fuck! Fuck! Ouch! I'm unhappy now. Back in the car. Left or Right? Fuck! Right? Fuck! I'm lost! I drive around most of the morning trying to find the house. I wished I'd pay more attention to the streets! Around noon I head back to the club and check with the owner. Maybe they'll call or stop back here? By this time I'm totally out of it emotionally. My whole life passes before me. Side effects? One of the stagehands come up and warns me that a lot of junkies break into cars in this alley. Later I notice some dude shooting up. I go to a pay phone and price a flight back to Columbus. 1,500.00 bucks! I go back to the car. Oh shit! I've locked myself out of the car! I go to an ATM machine. Wow it works! I call a locksmith & he opens the car. It's 5PM. They're on the way to Seattle by now?? They've left me here to riot! I hear a voice! "SQUID"!! It's Sam & Leland in the van. I snap. I grab a club and want to beat their brains out! I'm thinking they been fucking with me. They had been watching me all day! I very delusional. Leland calms me down. Sorry Sam! Sorry Leland.

Sam is very good hearted, he was worried about me and I was going to beat him in the head with a club. Leland always knows how to handle things. I think the music helps him think logical sometimes. Slowly I return back to earth. Jimbo's very worried, he ask me if I'm ok?? What happen to you? I only went to take shit guys. Really, I'm not bullshiting man! Fuck Canada! Fuck Me! *Get me out of here, get me out of here, I hate it here, I hate it here*. We've got 4 hours to get back to Seattle for the show! Va-Va-Varooomm! !

We stop just across the border to get our money converted back into US dollars. I hand this custom guy who looks like a fossil from the Cretaceous period a Canadian hundred dollar bill and he gives me back $40 US bucks. Man, did I feel cheated! Oh well!! Leland & Sam decide to meet us at the club in Settle. We pull into the greyhound station, grab the merch and head for the show. The place is called Bo's and it turns out to be the coolest bar yet. Even the Bar owner is a treating us like royalty. Good food & upscale booze! All I can handle! I set up shop as the crowd starts forming. After about 20 minutes I run out of merch so I go the van to grab about a hundred tee shirts. I walk pass G.B.V.'s van & I notice Kevyn inside with some cunt. I run into the same Journalists who we had drinks with back in Canada. I give all six of them some stage passes and they blow a joint with me rapping about how good V-3 is. "Oh, Jim Shepard is so sexy! Leland is hunk!" Blah, Blah, Blah. They can wait to see the Jimbo again. I'm thinking, "Well he smelled like shit about a hour ago lady! The fucker gave me the crabs!" Fans should be led like cattle then shot! Suddenly, an ambulance pulls up to the club and the medics jump out and start working on Kevyn who barfing all over the place. At that point I thought he had bought the farm! He's dead! But they bring him back. They want to take him to the hospital but Kevyn refuses. Kevyn has made his mind up that he is going to do the show. He's as white as a sheet. Jimbo tells me it was some bad coke a fan had given him. By this time Jodie & Annie are getting into it. Both had been under a lot of stress riding together. I would imagine that after a while they would have gotten sick of each other. Jim & me did! I didn't want to deal with it so I just avoided all of them. The stress had been building between them ever since Kevyn had let Annie play drums on a song back in Denver. Poor Sam, how dose he cope with it all? To make matters worst, Leland & Jodie were fighting also. Looking back, it must have been stressful for everyone in the van. I could tell that both Mitch & Kevyn wanted to hop her bones & poor Leland was working his ass off trying to keep G.B.V.'s grubby hands out of his cookie jar. Every time I gave Jimbo a blow by blow update he would just shake his head and walk away. He didn't want to deal with it either. By the time Spoon starts the show there were about 1700 people inside the club. I really clicked with those boys from Texas for some reason. They were down to earth and laid-back with the songwriting being well crafted. I didn't mine working for them at all. I'm selling my ass off when some kid grabs 10 tee shirts and runs off. Some other fans try to grab him but this kid is very quick. Shit I would have given him some stuff for free if he had asked. It wasn't all about money. I'm an easy touch for the poor & weak. When V-3 hits the stage the house goes nuts! They had to stop letting people in because the club has reached maximum capacity of 2500 people. I was seeing hearing teenage girls cry and shout over Jim Shepard?? I was in shock. Pure Shock! It got even more ridiculous when G.B.V. later played. These teenage girls would ask me if I were with the band? They all looked under age. Do you know Toby? I grab Pete and he jumps into PR mode. I hate fucking PR. I

hate Hype! It's all Bullshit! Philosophy demands truth. The truth is that it's only fucking music. You can't save the world with music; you can only heal it. Why people get outrageous over music is beyond all reason. I could see that "kids" wanted to fuck a star. I couldn't believe it! Shit, I still don't believe it?. I was offered blow jobs, drugs, money, a condo in the keys, all kinds of strange pleasure if I'd only I would introduce them to Jim Shepard. It really made me fucking sick. Later I told them just to sneak into the dressing room after the set. Jim & Bob would be there. I know Jim would be up for it. All of a sudden there is this huge roar! G.B.V had hit the stage. Two girls fainted and were rush out pass me by management. You couldn't get your breath in the smoke fill club. Nor, could you move either. It was packed!! Two songs later, 3 more fainted. I couldn't figure it out? They sound terrible. Just fucking horrible! Kevyn kept speeding up the beat then slowing it down. He was in no condition to play but the kids didn't even notice? They were too busy wiging out!

After the show Jimbo & me crashed at some fan's home. A few cunts wanted him. Jim didn't want anything cept some sleep. Leland could have had his pick of the pack except that Jodie was hawking him. Sam wasn't into it at all. He only had eyes for Annie. Nothing seems to bother Annie? Leland & Sam stay somewhere else that night. Next morning we showered and went to Bruce Lee's grave. All my life I've wanted to go to Jimmy Hendrix's grave but there just wasn't enough time. I once met him as a kid. I was 16 & it was the "Axis As Bold As Love" tour in 1968. There were about 10 of us hanging out after the show by his limousine. Hendrix was in the back with the window rolled down talking with everyone except me. I was too shy to speak. Hendrix noticed this and looked me right in the eye and nodded as if to say, "Hey, it's ok! I'm very shy too"! He touched my soul with that nod. That's when I decided to become a songwriter & I've never turn back from it either! They took us to lunch at this place called Twin Teepees and it seems like hours to get there. By this time there were 12 of us. Oh Well! Me & Jim, the press, and some fans. Finally, we hit the road for Portland. Leland & Sam had left early that morning and would meet us at the next club. When we got to Portland we had run out of things to wear and the car was really stinking, so we pulled into this laundry mat to wash our shit out. After our wash is done we split for the downtown and discover that there's an art festival is in progress. We shop the tents for a while then head to the club and link up with the rest of the crew. So, I set up shop by the entrance and sales are BOOMING. Jim is hanging out with the lead singer of Pavement who has moved to Portland from New York. I was working so I missed out on all the fun. Downstairs in the dressing room there's food & drink as far as the eye can see. Through a thick fog of smoke stars & fans dance by the light of Rock n' Roll. V-3 hits the stage and is well received. Next G.B.V. jumps into their act but half way through Matt's bass rig blows out so he uses Leland's. After the show some friends of Pollard invite us to crash at their home. I steal 2 case of beer from the club for the event. At the party a small jam session breaks out and everybody is singing Beatles songs. Things get out of control and some furniture gets smashed. I pass out in the basement. Next morning, I wake up and tour the damage. Puke is all over the place! It stinks! We've really been bad boys! As we pull out for San Francisco I see Pollard & Gibby sitting in the front yard alone. They both look like they been dragging their dicks through the dirt! Shame on you! One thing about G.B.V, they always pay for the damages and I'm sure the homeowners came out way ahead. Next stop is Carl's Ikola apartment in San Francisco! He use to be a DJ at KDVS back in 1991.

When we get to San Francisco we scan Height & Ashberry and get the shit hassled out of us by the spare change breed. After awhile we get bored with the buggers and stop at a music store. The place was full with street musicians? Business was bad. I spy a poster of V-3 at the American Music Hall. G.B.V. get smaller type! Wow? Jimbo is moving up! He's pulling more respect than ever! Later I call up artsy Larry Altvater and we go visit his mid-city studio loft. At the door a video cams scope our cakes! "Hey boys smile! B.B. Kings up there!" Is he home someone whispers? Carl seems interested in Larry's art. And, I'm very impressed with Carl's record collection! It's like a store in his apartment. I, on the other hand, "always thought Larry was a better jazz drummer than painter. Hey Larry, If it's not done with a brush and oil it's not Van Go! You know?" Larry is a great host. He cracks open some wine. We get a private showing of his new works. Facts are he is doing a show at the city museum. Yep! Larry was Lizard- slurp! Time Fly's! I want to jam but there is no time left. We head back to the club. They ID the shit out of us at the door. The place reminds me of a smaller venue back in Cowtown. There it is! The stage of the American Music Hall! Beautiful ain't it? After the sound check Jim looks at me and says lets go spin some of Carl's records. We had a few hours to kill. I watch the bums outside the club try to work us. Fuck Off. Jim feels sorry for the street people. Hum? By this point in the tour I'm totally toasted! He could have asked me to jump off the Golden Gate & I'd been game. Back at the apartment 7 people share the shower. Wet bodies everywhere. Karl turns me on to some groups. He really knows his stuff. Time to go to work. I walk into the dressing room. It reminds me of restaurant- wine, beer, cheeses, shrimp… on & on. Show time! Spoon spoons it out! All right. V-3 kicks in. Jim is all over the game. Every eye in the house is focus on him. Larry shows up. I take him to the dressing room for a drink. Jim, Leland, & Sammy are rock 'n tonight, just like the Cream did back in 69. Listen to the tape. Downstairs fans. Pollard & Toby are signing autographs and seem to be enjoying themselves too? Larry & me catch up on old times. Jim rushes in. He needs to come down after all that excitement and grab some air. Leland & Sam walk in. The crowd wants more. Fuck em,… its G.B.V. turn. Larry Annie, Jodie, & me go up to watch the show. V-3 stays and gets stoned. Thank you, Good-bye! Pollard had worn the shits out. He always does that to the kids. Poor little bastards got grounded lifeless. Mitch never shows any mercy. He just rapes & pillages anything in his path. Finally it dawned on me why Pete was always so happy! No matter where they play it's gonna be a sell out! How could they lose? G.B.V. whereas more than lucky barflies! They were Charmed Karma Bums- even their farts were golden. God made a special spotlight for Pollard's Pack. Unlike Shepard's flock, Pollard can & does sing. Great pipes. Back at the dressing rooms it's chaos. Everybody wants a to talk to the bands. Everyone gets real drunk. Time to go. Jodie & Mitch are wrestling. Something is up? Bets are being placed on whom with win. Mitch wins. We drive back to Carl's at 4am. There is no place to park. We end up parking a mile away. I crash in the kitchen. Goodnight.

Next day we're off to LA last stop on the tour. The first night we play a private party for the big wigs at Matador & American at this club run by very intelligent Mexicans called Spaceland. I set up shop but no one there buying anything. There are maybe 10 people in the whole place. Each and every one of them is a shaker & mover in the record business. The staff is real nice to us. We get lots of food & drink. They seem to dig the show. I

hear a lot of thank yous. At 5am the A&R man checks us into a hotel in Hollywood. Next morning we go over to Warner Brothers office and hang out. Food, yum! The A&R guy give us a bunch of free CD's. We check out the music stores in Burbank and walk the star-studded sidewalk. We split up at the Chinese theater and agree to meet at this record store in which we where going to play. About 30 people show up to this private party inside the record store. As V-3 end their show there is talk of going to this actor's bar. Next thing I know we're at this club running up $150 tab and mooning the other patrons. Jim gets discussed & splits leaving Sam & Leland to make me pay the bill out of the merch money. By this time our behavior had hit rock bottom. Everyone is out of control. The Record company had booked us into Hilton across from the Chinese theater. It was really upscale! Jim & me had two rooms that looked down into the theater. I never saw Sam & Leland's room but I heard it was better than ours. Jimbo step out to have a drink so I go into the Master bedroom and it has a Giant TV. I click on the tube and it's all private movies. I surf for a while then notice this wet bar.

At the time I had no idea what a wet bar was? What's this? Food!! Wine! Fuckin A! Nor did I know that the nuts cost $5 bucks a box. Ouch! I started eating and drinking grooving to porno on the tube. Suddenly I hear a crash outside and open the door to find Annie & Jodie out of their heads drunk on champagne. Somehow they had broken a few glasses at the elevator. They wanted me to join them in their room but I was having too much fun in mine. Later I found out that they really made a mess in the lobby. They were real bad girls! The Hilton must be use to us rock star types. They where nicer than shit to us and our behavior was horrible. Next morning we check out and the bill is about $1500 bucks. Poor Jim, it came out of his record royalties. But hey, it was one hell of a party! By the time we got to the Whiskey-A-Go-Go Annie and Jodie were fighting again. The whole tour was like that- Hot & Cold! Annie was going to play drums again with G.B.V. that night but something came down. Next thing I heard there is a cat fights in the dressing room? Now be good girls for uncle Squidfish. I made sure the deli trays were safe and booked. Jim was worn out; pissed off & very depressed. I could tell he was glad it was coming to an end. Next V-3 takes to the stage and Pollard comes out to sing back up on a few. This was the last show and in my mind it was the best. I sold more stuff that night than I did on the whole tour. The crowd was really into it. After the show Jim says Leland is going to Europe as a bass player for G.B.V. & that some fan wants us to crash in Venice. Off we go. As we are unloading our bed rolls Jim takes a pee on my leg! The Asshole was so drunk he could even see me. I changed in the van then pass out. Suddenly I wake up and the van is speeding. Sam was afraid that the cops would tow it and he was trying to find a safe parking spot. I pass out again.

Next morning Leland & me exchange Fuck Yours! I just got to the point where I got tried of the whole fucking mess. I didn't mean to be such a shit to Leland. I'm sorry. He was trying to be nice but I just wanted off the fucking merry-go-round! So, Leland & the women run Sam to the airport. He was going to meet Gaunt in Texas and do 6 more weeks on the road with them. Good Luck! See Ya Sam! Jim & me check out Venice. It was nothing like it was back in the 60's. It looked like bullshit to me. Bored, we got back to the house & leave Leland a $100 bill for gas. As we hit the road for Las Vegas the temperature soared to 92 degrees. On & on we roll. Jim stops to take a crap. He keeps a sharp lookout for scorpions! They were all

over the place. Eight hours later we pull into Las Vegas and hit the slot machines! Jimbo lights up! He loves the sound of falling quarters! That night somewhere in Utah we crashed in a motel to the sound of coyotes. The next day it was back to Denver to trade in our rental car. To my surprise there was no problems. Just outside of Denver the state highway patrol pulls us over and searches our car for drugs! Jim asks me if I'll bail him out of jail? He thinks I fed up! I am, but I won't let them butt fuck you in jail Jimbo! We'll just act like fags and no one will rip our bummy holes!! The cop's are pissed. They bring in the dog. It's got a huge fucking dick! Much bigger than mine. It must be getting testosterone injections? I'm bummed. The pigs look at each other. No luck, they have to let us go! From Denver we hall ass to Kurt Tuckerman's in Illinois and check out his 5000 watt radio station. I'm running out of Rogaine. I wanta go home. Finally at 3 am we were home & I felt like I was a Zombie for a while. I had been moving non-stop. I slept for two days, then I got up & it hit me hard. The tour had put me 2 months behind on my bills! I had came back broke? Yet, I'd seen things that most wage slaves could only dream about! I'd met Rock n' Roll. I was trailer trash. But most of all I think I was very fucking lucky to still be in one piece after being on the road with those Dayton lunatics. I know I'm crazy, but they didn't have a fucking clue. Only Jim & I saw the big picture. What is the big picture? I'm not saying. Just point me to the deli tray man, and never forget that I'm on your fucking side.

Nudge S. Squidfish 1998